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“To the Ends of the Earth”

Barrow, Alaska

Nan Bruen

Inharrime, East Africa

Susan Blair

Quelpart

Mrs. Lura McLane Smith

Sen Lai Tsang, Missionary to Korea

Mrs. C. S. Deming

Does It Pay?

Rev. T. S. Soltau

The God of All Comfort

Rev. F. S. Miller

APRIL, 1937.

SEOUL, KOREA.

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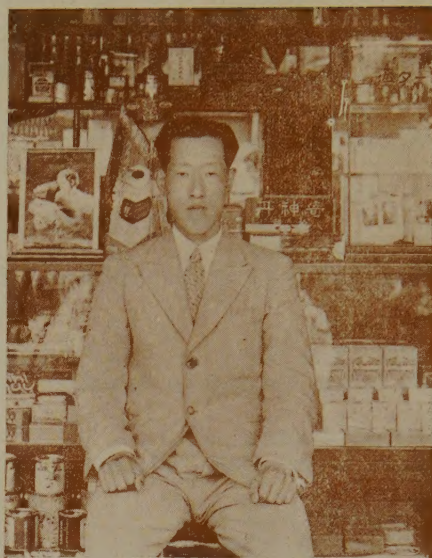
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THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

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VOL. XXXIII.

APRIL, 1937

No. 4

The Outlook for Missions Tomorrow*

A REVIEW BY REV. COURTNEY H. FENN, D. D.^o

WHILE THE TITLE of the book is "Missions Tomorrow", nearly half of it is a review of Missions Yesterday, another sixth is a sketch of Missions Today..... Living as we are "in one of the great ages of transition", we must know from what we are turning in order to be sure that the transition is to something better. Dr. Latourette sees more to encourage in the record of the past and present than to discourage, and among all the influences available for the making of a better world he finds none more promising than Christian Missions..... Never has the Christian Gospel been more universally needed or more effective when rightly applied than today.....

Dr. Latourette roughly dates the "amazing age" as 1815-1914, and both in that age and the new one he notes nine main movements: (1) man's increased knowledge of his environment; (2) increased utilization of environment; (3) emergence of mechanized civilization; (4) various liberal movements for welfare; (5) development of nationalism; (6) religious awakening; (7) Western conquest of the world; (8) disintegration of Oriental cultures; (9) enlarged missionary enterprise. This last, at its height, included 30,000 Protestant missionaries supported by contributions of

\$60,000,000, per year, and had adopted a "daring slogan," "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation", a proper measure of the Church's Commission. Yet Missions have always been the interest of only a minority of Christians.....

As to a "Program for Missions in the New Age", it is evident that missionary forces must be reinforced and retrenchment must cease. The time has come to advance. New methods are required. Freshly opened doors must be entered. New problems demand solution. This is not easy. The new age calls for pioneers. Yet much of the old must be continued, e. g., evangelism, the winning of individuals and groups..... Much more attention must be given to the creation of Christian literature. The mission of education and of medicine must continue in spite of government limitations and tendencies to secularization. New types of worship and of organization are bound to come in, yet the Church must be kept in touch with the past. Increased attention must be given to the children. An ingrowing community life must be guarded against and the churches must be knit into a world-wide fellowship. Organic union is not at once attainable, but universal Christian co-operation is possible.

Great and pressing problems for the world-wide Christian community are those of war and of race. In Christ alone can their solution be found.

* "Missions Tomorrow" by Dr. Kenneth Scott Latourette: of Yale University. 220 pp: \$2.00. Harpers. New York, 1936:

^o From the Missionary Review of the World, Feb. 1937, p. 95. Dr. Fenn was a missionary in China for nearly forty years.

"To the Ends of the Earth"

1. Barrow, Alaska.

NAN BRUEN

Nan Bruen (Mrs. Fred Klerekoper) is the daughter of Rev. H. M. Bruen of Taiku, Korea. She is a Mt. Holyoke graduate and also a graduate nurse. She and her husband are home mission workers under the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. Point Barrow is often spoken of as one of the loneliest mission stations in the world. Ann Morrow Lindberg in her book, "North to the Orient" has a chapter on Point Barrow where they spent Thanksgiving. She writes of the tomato plant in Barrow that was grown in soil carried from Nome, of the Scotch whaler they met who had been in Barrow for forty years, and of the sermon she heard on the text, "All we like sheep have gone astray". In Barrow the sheep became reindeer. As they were leaving, Col. Lindberg gave an orange to Mrs. Greist who gave it to "the baby". Barrow is also the place where Will Rodgers and Wiley Post met their untimely death. Dr. Greist recovered their bodies and performed the last sad rites. Dr. and Mrs. Greist retired after sixteen years of service in Barrow. Any of our readers who would like to write these missionaries in their lonely post or send Christmas cards address Rev. Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Klerekoper, Barrow, Alaska, U. S. A. Herewith a part of their report under date of Oct 30, 1936—Editor.

THE WEATHER after we left Seward became rougher and rougher, also cloudy, and much to my disappointment we passed right between Kodiak Island and the mainland, where the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes is, without ever seeing even one smoke. Then we stopped at a little place called Sand Point, where we took on water.

We got water once more at Teller Mission, but it had to be all scooped up from a stream into a lifeboat and it tasted of some ones old boots, or something. So water was scarce. Just as we entered Bering Sea we did see a volcano, a dim gray shape in the early morning fog, but it was not acting up at all, and soon faded from sight. After that we saw no more land until Nunivak Island appeared along the horizon to our right. We steamed on and finally anchored off Govovine Bay on Norton Sound, in a cold wind and rain. Here we saw our first Eskimos, with calico snow-shirts over their fur parkas and babies on their backs, inside the parkas. Altogether they looked disproportionately wide. They had things to sell and came aboard. At St. Michael we had better weather and went on shore a couple of times.

St. Michael is a ghost town, with just a few living souls in it. Two traders, a few Eskimos, a deserted barracks (where we found a bowling alley and bowled until stiff), but most

characteristic of the town were the river boats. There were several of them, great hulks, pulled up on shore far enough so they would not drift off; the "Susie", The "Sarah" and the "Captain Korr", lined up there, sad, decaying, looted corpses. In the heyday of Yukon River traffic how full these same boats were of would-be gold miners, prospectors, hangers-on, traders, women. They pushed great barges of freight ahead of them, and we walked through these imagining the gay impatient crowds they used to carry. But now the Eskimos get their firewood from the more accessible parts and only a few tourists ever climb around retrospecting.

At Unalakleet we found lovely gardens, promoted by the Swedish missionary there. The boat took on cabbages, carrots, lettuce, flowers and other things. Here I first noticed the wailing of the dogs. They were staked out all around and were continually lifting their voices in song,—a weird, mournful, hopeless sound, that somehow reminded me of the nights in the hospital when I used to lie awake listening to the sounds that issued from the delivery rooms across the court. I got used to that sound, and now I am getting so I don't hear this any more.

In Nome we stayed with the missionaries there, just come up under the Congregational church. The Congregationalists and the Methodists take three year shifts at providing

missionaries for Nome. The Whitneys we enjoyed very much, as we did some other friends-of-friends whom we met. It was Sunday when we arrived, and we went to church regardless of our appearance.

At Point Hope we visited a cemetery surrounded by a fence of whale bones, ribs. It seems that one of the former missionaries there had been rather at a loss to know what to do about the accumulation of bones and skeletons that were all around, so he gathered them together as they turned up and gave them decent burial in his new cemetery. It is now quite a landmark. But bones are still a dominant feature of Point Hope. Bones, human and animal.

Off Icy Cape we saw the first ice. It got rather thick, so that we had to go close to some cakes, and we felt that we must be in the Arctic for sure.

When we reached Wainwright we thought we were almost here. The Eskimo minister, Percy Ipalook, met us and showed us his home and the new church building going up. But we didn't have long there and came on, traveling north and east, as we had ever since leaving Point Hope. We woke up the next morning, after nosing through ice most of the night, to see the gray shores of Barrow. As always on these low-lying lands, the houses seemed to be built right on the water, and loomed up big and gray. Our house, especially, seemed perfectly huge. We had no sunshine that day, Sept. 5th, but things began to liven up as soon as we got a little closer to shore, and there was so much going on that we didn't notice the cloudy weather. Boats began pushing out from shore, and Dr. Greist was in the first one to reach the ship. We talked awhile, and then Fred accompanied him to shore, while I stayed and finished the packing. Only one thing was missing, from all the many packages we had collected en route. At Elim, the last place where there are trees, we had dug up two little Christmas trees, but had been careless and not labeled them, and they were lost.

So, we will have a true Barrow Christmas with an artificial tree. After some time I had everything packed and got myself and bags and boxes into a boat and was taken ashore. They had built a little temporary dock, floating the outer end on empty oil drums, and so we did not have to go pigaback ashore. Barrow was a busy place that day, boats going back and forth for freight, men unloading and piling the goods on the beach, others checking it all with lists. The tractor was pulling great sled loads of stuff to the hospital, manse, school, or wherever the load was intended. Children were watching everything, and the women were there, too. David Greist came down just as I got ashore, and took me as part of his next sled load up to the manse. And in no time there I was on our own front steps, going in and hanging up my coat among a big bunch of fur parkas, finding Mrs. Greist busy with a hundred things and an Eskimo girl in the kitchen. We took all of our things upstairs so as not to get them mixed up with Greists' things and I sat around and felt unnecessary while Fred and Dr. Greist talked, and Mrs. Greist told me all about the household arrangements.

The house is lovely, very well built, cheerful, convenient. Our cold water is dipped out of ice tanks in the kitchen, but our hot water runs by gravity through faucets. Fred is going to arrange to have the cold water do that, too, one of these days. We have coal stoves in the kitchen, living rooms and two upstairs. They seem to keep us comfortably warm, since the house is so snuggly built. The windows are triple glass, and the only way to air the house is by opening doors, or through little ventilators, which can be open or shut. The whole house is lined with cork. We have a school boy who does chores, and I have kept Hester in the kitchen, while there was so much to do.

The North Star had to stay here about a week before it could get unloaded and away, running up every night behind the Point for shelter. As soon as it left, however, the ice

blew for out to sea and nothing more was seen of it for some time. But while the boat was in, the ice was pretty thick. The Greists were lovely to us, explaining everything possible and making us feel so much at home. It was hard for them to leave, very hard, but they were fine sports about it. We kept one of their canaries, and Morgans took the other. We gave Barrow Morgan his choice and he chose Jeannette, because she "looked so funny, and made nests". Jeannette has practically no feathers, due to her proclivity for nest making, and Sergeant Morgan calls her the Arctic Buzzard. The other bird, Dickie, was a pretty little yellow thing, but quite old, and all he could do was to eat and sleep. We grew quite attached to him, however, and when we found him dead one morning, felt badly about it. Fred buried him beneath the cache, and now for pets we have only Brownie, the dog David left us, and her four puppies, all black.

We have had one house guest since coming here. Mr. Fred Lee, of New York City, flew in in his little "Monocoupe" and spent three days with us before the weather cleared enough for him to go on. The day he finally did leave was none too promising, and we hated to see him start off, but were relieved to hear that afternoon that he had landed safely in Kotzebue, and later had a wireless saying he was back in New York after a good trip. He is a nice chap, and we enjoyed our first house guest very much.

I suppose you are interested to know about the weather. The first part of this month the days were getting very much shorter, but when the sun was out they were beautiful. Now, however, the sun rises on the slant, so to speak, and never gets up very high before it starts to sink again. But we have the moon to make up for it. Just lately we have been having it practically full, and you never saw anything so gorgeous. It rises in the afternoon, and by the time the sun has set we have the bright moonlight. And when we wake up in the morning, there is the moon,

shining in our bedroom windows so bright, making dark shadows from the telephone poles and showing up the whole town. And then the sun rises, while we are at breakfast probably and shines on all the frost on our triple windows and makes them red and blue and gold. And it makes the snow pink and everything is almost too beautiful. So we have decided that the long Arctic night is largely a myth, because when we have no sun we have the moon all the time. We have had some cold weather. Early this month it was down to three below, and the last couple of days it has been 15 below, but when we dress like the Eskimos we don't mind it at all. Fred is starting out in a couple of days to go to Wainwright by dogsled, and will be all dolled up in fur pants and boots and everything else. Hester is busy making biscuits, stew, hamburgers and other things for him to take—they will freeze and keep nicely. We have had our ice cut for the years water supply, and must soon think about digging an ice cellar for our meat. And speaking of meat, the fresh reindeer that we got is absolutely delicious. We use it just like we would beef, and it is grand. We have practically lived on it ever since coming here, with an occasional change to canned ham, sausages, or chicken, and now we have some fish that someone brought us. The water has frozen out about half a mile to shoal and the men are going out to the edge to get seal. Someone got a polar bear at the Point a few days ago. So you see life is exciting, even in Barrow. But really we have been too busy to be worried about entertainment. Fred has his church work and the changing of the house to accommodate the electric plant moved from the hospital and the thousand and one things connected with getting ready for his trip and all, while I first applied myself to settling in, then to unpacking and listing the contents of innumerable mission boxes, of which the igloo is so full that one can hardly move about the place, trading with women for our fur clothing, getting out our Christmas cards and this letter, and four

choir rehearsals a week. The women come one night, the men another, the combined choir comes the third night, and one afternoon I have the children. The kids used to come in, anywhere between four and a dozen of them, and hang around and watch whatever I was doing, and fuss with the organ, and I foolishly encouraged them, till their two organ pieces, "Away in a Manger" and "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater" rather got on my nerves. But they enjoyed themselves so much. Now I have instituted this choir, and expect them not to come except on Wednesday afternoons, but there are three of them here this minute, and this is Saturday.

Can you picture our life here a little now? I wish you could come to church with us some day. The choir loft is high up, straight above the platform. The girls in white cottas and the men in black robes. One Sunday one of the men, a very promising young fellow, came down from the loft while his new little son was baptized. Before the next Sunday he was dead, drowned not seventy-five yards from shore when his boat tipped over. They dragged for his body all that day, but could never find it. It happened right in front of the town, and almost everybody saw it, but no one was right there. We all went around for days with a heavy sensation in the pit of our stomachs.

The church organ is a he-man's job, as the bellows leak and whenever I have to play it I hope for a short hymn. And the bass notes are at least twice as loud as the treble, and all the treble above middle C is very, very flat, so you can imagine the effect. For the Christmas music I think I will have the boys take our organ over to the church. It is far from being in a perfect condition, but almost anything would be better than that church organ. The entrance to the church is on one side, quite near the front. All during the service

women get up with a child or so tucked under their arms and walk over to the door and out and in, and the door sticks and bangs each time. Babies cry, and are only taken out if they become very vociferous. Little children play around and hide under their mother's parkas. Babies are generally invisible, but are continually rocked, each strapped to its mother's back under her parka, or slid around in front and nursed—still invisible. The old deaf men move their chairs up right under the pulpit, and each sentence has to be translated as one goes along.

Here are some short incidents which we have found interesting. A meeting of the session was called at the manse at the latter part of September. We invited the elders in and asked them to take off their parkas. Some seemed rather hesitant about doing so. But our house is kept warmer than some of theirs and they soon decided to do so. Some of the old men had no shirts on at all, not necessary with a parka. It was a queer sight as I looked over those guardians of the welfare of the church, to see them sitting around in their underwear or if they did have shirts on, with the tails outside their trousers. I have never thought of the tails of one's shirt as an ornament.

Twenty-one young people of our church who read English have accepted Bibles which are to be theirs after a year, if they not only read them themselves, but twice a week translate designated portions to those who cannot. Many of the old women smoke. It seems peculiar to see them sitting on the church step on a Sunday after service, I hope thinking about the sermon, and puffing on their pipes.

Although this letter has reached its eighth page, it is only a small part of the experiences which are ours daily. But we'll save the rest for next time.

2. *Inharrime, East Africa*

SUSAN BLAIR

Susan Blair (Mrs. Victor W. Macy) is the daughter of Rev. Mr. & Mrs. H. E. Blair of Taiku, Korea. She is a graduate of Wilson College and of Biblical Seminary. She and her husband, are in Lisbon for language study. They are missionaries of the American Free Methodist Church and may be permanently addressed at Inharrime, Portuguese East Africa, which is a town opposite the southern end of Madagascar. Excerpts from letters to their parents have been selected for this article.

Lisbon is pouring down rain, and yet how grand it is to be here. We are living in a blue tiled house in a large room one side of which is mostly French doors which open onto a "courting" balcony. Below us runs a cobble stone street with mosaic pavements. Over this street come the fish wives carrying their heavy loads on their heads, the vegetable-laden donkeys, the broad-backed oxen pulling their carts, and one big gruesome black crow which hops about with its broken wing. The custom here is for all coal merchants to have just such a bird hopping about in front of their shops either as an advertisement or as sort of a charm. This particular crow is a decided mendicant, and a very sleek one at that

We had a wonderful trip across the Atlantic; the sky was blue and the ocean was smooth until the last two days when we were given the opportunity of lolling to our hearts content..... We had our first taste of Europe when we stopped off at Pointe Delgado on one of the Azore Islands-S. Miguel to be exact. It is a charming village built on the side of a hill on the edge of a beautiful blue bay. Like Lisbon it has narrow cobble streets filled with donkeys and oxen, all heavily laden, tall tiled houses, barefooted girls with shawls on their heads, and bright eyed little children begging for "pennies". We had lots of fun getting our breakfast in this town. Before we got off the ship, our Portuguese friends warned us that we were apt to be stripped of our last cent; so we learned from them the value of Portuguese money. They, the Portuguese, have built their monetary system on the "escuda" which was formerly equal to one dollar in value, but which is now

equal to about five cents in our money. This escuda is made up of one-hundred "centavos", so you can imagine how bulging our pockets will be.....

The school we are attending in Lisbon is most interesting. It is run by three sisters—the Misses Price. Two of them are twins. The school is not run for missionaries but is one of the best private schools in Lisbon for Portugese children. There must be about sixty children attending the school. We do not have to attend classes here but are given the privilege of doing so. We are given private lessons by one of the twins in view of taking the Secundo Gradu.

I wish you could go into the school rooms with us. They are certainly interesting and far different from American school rooms. The children all wear something to keep their clothes clean—the girls wear a little jumper effect and the boys wear little dresses that button down their backs. And talk about board benches! Ouch! Moreover two students sit at each desk which is nice for us. The youngest children write on slates "in the old fashioned way" and we have an irresistible desire to take one and write "I love you" and all kinds of pictures on it for each other, but so far we have resisted the temptation! The teachers sit up in front on high platforms and thus find it easier to pronounce judgment on the children. And I do wish you could see Miss Kate the oldest of the Miss Prices. She is very tall and very thin. She wears every day the same brown dress with a red collar. The dress is very heavy and very long. She winds her hair which is steel gray, into a knot on top of her head. She has a hooked nose, a very stern look and false teeth

which reach only half way across her mouth and which are fitted crookedly. She speaks perfect Portuguese and speaks it to the children in no uncertain tones. Best of all when she teaches, she carries a long bamboo stick which is one and one-third times as tall as herself!! When we first saw and heard her we were terrified. Great pity for the children welled up in our surprised and horrified beings. But after getting to know her, we find that the children love her because she loves them. She rather plays up to the old school marm idea and the children get a great kick out of it. It is more fun to be in her classes. She gets a little Portuguese kid up to the black-board and pretty soon as he shows his dumbness, she begins to yell and he begins to get funny; for instance he will cringe or jump out of the reach of her stick for no reason at all and then she will send him back to his seat after making a pass at his little sitter-downer which he neatly avoids with a little skip and hop. By that time the whole class, as well as the teacher, is enjoying itself hugely and nobody's feelings are hurt. She is a wonderful sport, a true Christian, and an A No. 1. teacher. We like her a great deal.....

The Lord has been very good to us since we have been here. He has opened up the way before us wonderfully. As you know we have had no duty to pay on any of our luggage and we have had no trouble with our identification or resident permits. And we won't have to pack up and move again! And get acquainted all over with the habits and peculiarities of another Portuguese family. We are very, happy and thankful.

Speaking of being thankful, makes us think of Thanksgiving Day. We were a little apprehensive of how our very American selves were going to stand having no turkey, no cranberry preserves, no pumpkin pie, and especially no family on that homiest of home days. We worked out all kinds of plans as to how we would get a kitchen and cook our own meal that day when what should happen but

that the American Ambassador to Portugal and his very lovely wife should invite all of the Americans in the city to their home for an informal buffet supper on Thanksgiving day'. There were about fifty five present. We were so happy that we could have wept for joy.....

We have had the joy of playing tennis twice now. There is an English missionary family here who have a nice tennis court. The air is so fresh and snappy that it is really exhilarating to play. But it does seem funny to be playing tennis in December on a court that overlooks a beautiful blue bay on which sail many little boats and yachts. It is all so peaceful and old-worldly. The first time we played we both became so stiff that we about perished the rest of the week. Poor Vic was the picture of misery. He could hardly lean over to tie his shoes.....

I do wish you had been near us to tell us what we should take with us and what we would need. As far as the Board of our church is concerned, we would not have anything with us. The folks are awfully nice but as yet they have no written list of what missionaries need on the field. Some people would say to take one thing and the next person would say not to bother because we could buy it in Portugal or even in Africa. So we are really frightfully without the things we need. Sometimes we get worried over the lack of worldly goods in our possession but then we have only to stop and realize that God has cared for us thus far and we have felt no lack. He will without doubt see to it that we have whatever is necessary. I don't know what we are going to do for shoes and stockings after this year is over. We should really have stocked up on them in America; but everything happened so quickly and we were so inexperienced in what we need and of knowing of conditions here in Portugal that we have come with only an ordinary supply. As I told you before we will no doubt have to go to Germany to get our boat for Africa. If we do go, we will get in a

visit [to England. While there we can get some new shoes, etc. I believe I told you about the three important things that we are taking with us—a fine bed with lifetime springs and an inner spring mattress, an A No. 1. motion picture camera which will enable us to bring back to America some really worthwhile records of our work in Africa, and an Electrolux!! I am so happy about the last. I am willing to go without some other things just to have it and the assurance of healthful foods which it will permit us to have..... You say that you want me to tell you how you can help here.....I would love it if you could come and help me learn the language. I feel less able to talk now than I did at first! We are dying for a taste of "yut" and we are hoping that you sent some before you got word from us not to send any gifts, because if the candy is here there might be a chance that the customs officials will not ask too much duty, but the chance is rather slim I fear. And it is going to be the same in Africa.....We have made up our minds not to expect too much of Mozambique—and it certainly will not be as pleasant a place to live in as is Korea, but we are going to try to make it as pleasant as possible.....We have just finished eating three persimmons down, one after the other. They are grown not far from here and are they good!! I don't think they have all the sweet flavor of a Korean persimmon, but they are a pretty good substitute.

The church situation in this city of Lisbon is the funniest one that I have ever met up with.....that is to say, the mission church situation. The Brethern Church of England is predominant—there are three different places in the town where that is going on—and as far as we can make out there is a feeling of friction and jealousy among them.—They seem to be sound enough and evangelical enough, but like most small churches they think they are the only ones who are right. Women are not allowed to speak in church. The church service is never arranged for. A man here and there will pray or

give out a song or read the Scriptures and exhort as he feels led. And communion is served each week. All these things are new to us and we do not feel very much at home among them. Also the communion table is very closed. We have to be introduced to the community and be vouched for before they will permit us to join with them in the Lord's Supper, and it certainly isn't conducive to Christian unity and brotherly love.

On Christmas eve all of the missionaries studying here gathered together for a party of their own. We had a real American buffet dinner—chicken a-la-king, buttered peas and carrots, and all—while we were gathered around the Christmas tree. American food surely is a relief once in awhile. We sang carols; one of the couples sang a duet; some of the others told stories; we had a Christmas message—and we had Santa Claus!! Sometime before, we had drawn names among ourselves to pick one person to whom each one would give a present, and now old Santa gave them out in good English style. It was quite a problem to dress the old boy but with each of us contributing something red, he was finally made up—but with such dire results that one of the missionary's little boys was frightened most to death and set up a howl!. It's the style to go to church here on Christmas morning, so we went also and then returned to have dinner with the Prices. It was a large dinner and a very good one; we might have called it a good American dinner with an English accent and a Portuguese atmosphere.

New Year was a little different from the celebrations at home with the usual din the night before. After lunch we set out for a walk as it was such a beautiful day. We crossed the river on the ferry and then took a bus out into the country. We weren't quite sure where the bus was going or how much it would cost, but we got in and later, seeing a likely country road, got out and took a long walk through the countryside. The country is really beautiful with its rolling hills, scrub

pine and little "quintas" or farm houses, scattered here and there. On the road we met country folk just walking or else riding on the cute little burros that are so numerous here. Other folks were out with their children picking up sticks for firewood. As in Korea, all the pine trees here are stripped bare of foliage as high as a man could reach and the ground under them is left clean as a whistle, giving the woods and forests a well-kept air.

The sixth of January here is celebrated as the "day of Kings", in memory of the kings that went to worship the Christ Child. The other night, several of us missionaries stopped at a little sweet shop and celebrated the day by eating what they call the "Bolo Rei" which means King cake and which is always eaten on the day of the kings. The cake looks and tastes much like our large coffee rings or coffee cakes. In each cake is baked a bean and a ring. The person that gets the bean buys the cake next year; the person that gets the ring will be married within the year. We had another of those cakes here in the house the next day and had a lot of fun with it. The person who finds that he has the bean, tries to conceal it so that he will not be found out; many times they find no bean in the cake at all; the next place to look then is under the table—and it is usually there!

At last we have learned the method of Portuguese "courtin". The only traces we could find of it were a young man looking up from the street to a third story window and a young lady looking down—excepting that sometimes there wasn't any young lady there—the young man waiting in hope. We learned the technique from a Portuguese lady who had been through it. The method is really quite simple; the young man sees a

young lady on the street whom he thinks he might like, follows her home, keeping a safe distance, and then waits outside in the street. If the girl has noticed him and thinks she might like him, she goes to the window and has a private little talk with him three or four stories down; if not, she doesn't go to the window. He may also have sent a letter up by the maid which if refused, he tries again on some other girl. Well, to go on, if the vaccination takes, they continue with their private talks from the balcony—here's where the girl is lucky if she's been let in on the ground floor;—if this is not the case, perhaps the young man might be of an inventive mood and do something like the fellow who bought a small telephone set and had the young lady install it by the window and let down one phone to the street below for him talk into. At any rate this kind of thing goes on until they decide to become engaged; after that the walls are let down and they may go for walks together—if the mother is along, or he may visit her home—if mama is in the same room.

Well, our teachers think that we have advanced enough to start third grade arithmetic, grammar, history, and geography; so now we proudly carry our little primers to school with pictures of little duck-wucky, etc. At any rate, we feel we are progressing a little, and in six months time we shall have to take what corresponds to an eighth grade examination—to prove whether or not we are progressing. The government won't believe or credit any diplomas which we have gotten from America. They tell us that we may have to be vaccinated again because they won't take our word for it here even though we have the doctor's certificate from home—whata life!!



Quelpart, Korea

LURA McLANE SMITH

QUELPART—A NAME that has intrigued me from the beginning of my knowledge of Korea. It is the name given by the Dutch, who first sailed over these oftentimes stormy waters, because the island, standing all alone in the stretch of sea between Japan and Shanghai, looks like a boat they called by that name. Not such a large island, only forty by seventeen miles, but the innumerable little cones bowing down to one vast and towering giant with head in the clouds makes this volcanic, rock bound island both a haven and a menace. A nearly seven thousand foot mountain with white rocks that look like snow amidst the black tufa and the green of bamboo, oak and pine forests make a good landmark.

The rim around the coast is arable, about forty percent of the area, the richest soil being on the east side as the last eruption in 1003 did not cover it. The middle district is rolling upland used for grazing the many semi-wild cattle which roam at will, even to the mountain peak. Hallasan, the mountain, covers about a fourth of the island with 70,000 acres of forest. The small cones are about 350 feet high set in the midst of the fields like giant haystacks. A gorge splits the big mountain on the north side and down in the bottom among the rounded boulders, dry except during torrential rains, one can find evidence of water. Because the rock is so porous and the slopes so abrupt, water falls from the sky and flows off at about the same rate. Wells are few and brackish. Sweet springs come up out beyond tide water so that when the tide is out, women flock there with their jars. Washing clothes is more of a task than on the mainland; instead of the conventional white cloth the natives are clothed in a dull brick red, dipped in wild persimmon juice. The hats are different too, either immense low crowned conical straw or high crowned broad

brimmed felt. And the people are different—a mixture of Japanese, Malay, Mongol, and Korean blood with a speech that is different from the mainland.

How did all this come about? Take the land itself first. In some distant age Korea and Japan were joined as Korea and China must have been joined over to Shantung. Vegetation on the mainlands and the two largest slands, Quelpart and Tsushima, prove an earlier separation of Tsushima from Korea than Quelpart. Any one who has been in a typhoon on the southern coast can readily agree to the reason for the separation! We had twelve hours of one while in a tiny steamer, and even though we stopped at Port Hamilton on the last island on our route before we started on across the billowy deep when the wind had subsided a bit, we know enough of the force which has carved out rocks. Geologic maps give Quelpart as Andesite so named because the Andes are of this rock, but Japan, the Philippines, Java and New Zealand show quantities of this most wide-spread volcanic rock. The very sands are black and all the walls of towns, houses and fields are made of blocks of this black lava.

And walls are needed, for instead of fencing in the cattle they fence the fields. We landed at the east port on a perfectly glorious sunshiny, cloudless morning after a nightmare of a night, this being the best of the three harbors, and went by auto to the capital city, Cheiju on the north side. The boat went there too but when buying tickets, we had no knowledge of where we wanted to go and knew not a single name but Cheiju island and Hallasan, the Mount Auckland of the English geographers. So, the eighteen year old son bought tickets to the first port. The country police along the way asked; What did we come for? where were we going? What

were we going to do? How long were we going to stay? Where were we going to sleep? Whom did we know? Who told us about the island? "No, Nothing, Nobody, Don't know"—We must have convinced then we were too dumb to be dangerous so we were allowed to go on our way and were not bothered again until police kept us in the port office an hour before the boat came to take us back to the mainland.

The main city is a walled town with three gates; the wall has been twenty five feet high and it would be possible to "Keep the Fort" many days as one of very few uprisings against Catholic missionaries proved in the days when the Boxers were stirring things up in China. A third city is on the south coast with a port of sorts. An auto road winds round the rim and a few paths cross the slopes, one which we might have taken to a monastery to the east of the mountain from which one could go and come in a day instead of sleeping the night on the mountain. We were a bit uncertain until we reached the top as to whether we had done well to climb up the longer way; it looked so much nearer down to the southern port but when we saw the steep ascent we began to realize that the longer way was the only way a woman none too agile could have traveled.

But we are getting ahead of ourselves. We did find a place to sleep in the city or rather it found us, while we went direct to the church; the pastor was not at home and we were puzzling as to what best to do when a prosperous merchant invited us to his guest room back of the bakery sales room and next to the work room with great ovens. Then as we were settling down on our matting floor, in came the pastor who turned out to be an old friend and neighbor. He was to secure our guide and make plans and in the Wednesday night prayermeeting he and his people prayed most earnestly that we have a good trip with sunshine. That is one prime essential. No use going up if the top of the mountain is covered with clouds. At daybreak, he

came to call us and bring the guide and off we started, the guide, his son, my son and myself bringing up a rather far rear. We had light packs, too light we found in the bitter cold of a mountain peak nearly seven thousand feet in the sky—the Koreans call it the peak which reaches toward the Milky Way. The first part of the trail was over rocks, little rocks that had been left when the blocks had been fitted into the walls on either hand; then we went through gates into the grass lands and then as we entered the woods the climb proper began. What we had thought to be one gully, really was two and we climbed the open ledge between, over a thistle patch and a bamboo patch to what looked like a solid wall of cliffs. With tennis slippers the thistles proved the hardest part; there were great masses of the longest thorns. We picked some for our plant collection and put them between newspapers in the light cloth case we carried either front or back, and can still feel the pricks. It turned out to be *Cirsium Rhinoceros Nakai*, found in that patch. And the bamboo, as a *quelpaertenis*, *Nakai*. We found it easier to walk right over the tops of the low bamboos, thick like a carpet rather than in the path made by the cattle where the exposed roots caught our toes. And hot! We were away from all water with a pitiless sun beating down and no shade of any sort. But at the end of this ridge we dropped down and down and down to the stream bubbling and tossing below and then we were glad to stretch out in the sun on a rock and rest our weary bones for the steep climb ahead.

The guide and his boy cooked their meal here although it was only mid-afternoon. The rest of the climb was up a slope so steep that cattle had made zigzag paths so short in the turns, one wondered how some stall-fed Jersey could twist herself, but these mountain cattle are as agile as goats. Up the ridge and then in the woods again we struck mud as water seemingly oozes through from the crater bottom. Great trees had fallen and it was with

difficulty we lifted our weary weight across them. But still the cattle led us on, for as we were preparing a fire in front of the cave mouth where we were to sleep, two of these shaggy split eared beasts came round the bluff. The cattle and horses are descendants of the ones raised here by Kublai Khan when he was preparing for his attack on Japan, the only bit of the world he did not conquer when he tried. Quelpart furnished the timber for his ships, some 900 of them. In his final attempt in 1281 some 3,000 vessels were knocked to pieces in a storm and 30,000 soldiers drowned, taken prisoner or killed by the Japanese. Even those left to care for the supplies on Quelpart did not get back to their homelands but their descendants remain to this day, mixed with the people. The first European to see the island and write about it was Hendrick Hamel, a Dutchman wrecked with others in 1653. As they were prisoners here for years, the accounts, though meager, are fairly accurate. Various navigators attempted a landing but were repulsed. Sir Edward Blecher in his "Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. Samarang" tells his experience in 1848. An American spent forty days on the island but never once even started up the mountain as the magistrate did not allow it. The mountain was covered with fog the entire time but as the little Japanese boat pulled out of the port the clouds lifted, a sure sign to the people the right thing had been done in keeping the mountain free from the desecrating feet of this red faced foreigner. The legend is that the spirit of the mountain thus shows his disfavor. Lucky for us he was in a good mood for we had just those few days before school began and there was not even the tiniest cloud until we were half way down the mountain when the heavens just opened and poured out water. Quelpart was peopled in a marvellous way. When the fires of the eruption ended three men came out of lakes or caves and took possession. But it was lonely so when three boxes came floating on the sea and they found therein three women, the five grains

and domestic animals, they were better prepared to live. Ko was the ruler, the Poos the nobles and the Yangs the people.

We saw two of the lakes, the one deep down in the crater and one on the west arm of the mountain. Where the third was we do not know. This kingdom was called Tamna and the Japanese word for endemic flowers there is Tanna. They paid tribute first to Pakche, the southwestern kingdom on the mainland, then to Silla and in 918 to Koryu. It could not have had a very happy time under the Mongols and the last dynasty of Korea, 1392 on, made it a penal colony, mostly for political prisoners who were not punished in any way except to live on the island. It would be a very sturdy person who would attempt escape. Aside from this rather unsatisfactory history, the island is noted as the "Women's Kingdom," no men amounting to much and for a long period few allowed on the island except once a year, or a few who lived in the three cities on sufferance. A Governor sent from Seoul was never allowed to take his wife lest a son be born in the palace of the native kings and lay claim to the island as he would have a right to do according to Sands in his "Undiplomatic Memories." At any rate the women are strong and well, some even very beautiful and they have always been divers for pearls, shells and seaweed, diving from the surface of the water with ease and grace. We were with a bunch of them on the little steamer, the Japanese government using them on all the coasts of Korea and even in Japan; this bunch were returning with their paraphernalia, baskets with gourd buoys, sickle with a gourd buoy and all their bags and babies and a few men. For fishing, the men use double decked boats similar to those of southern Formosa. The story of the women coming in boxes seems to point to a southern immigration either Japanese or Malayan. Japanese used the island as a maudling base and the people were not unkind to shipwrecked sailors.

The night we spent on the summit of Hallasan is one long to be remembered. Brushwood fires kept us warm on the surface next to the fire and until nose and toes would get too cold we slept a little on our spruce boughs in the dampish cave. And we should be thankful we had the cave, for a party of four Koreans came just after we had pre-empted it and they had to do the best they could in a tiny hollow we had passed by. We had been discouraged from the plan of spending the two nights in the monastery with the mountain climb in between as the pastor said the priests were very low down folk. Certainly the two guiding these two visitors were rough enough. The eight of us were alone on the mountain. Our guide was a Christian and so, for the last thing before he and his son turned in, we sang a couple of songs in Korean. Neither of the boys joined in but one of them at least worshipped his Maker in the enjoyment of the marvellous pictures spread around us, sunset and evening star, twinkling lighthouse lights on islands on the coast route and then all that glow in the east before the sun appears! Words cannot tell it. After we had explored the crater lake and the rocky rim around and were ready to start the downward way, we noticed just one queer fleecy cloud resting on the tip of a volcanic cone far out in the ocean to the north. We plunged into the forest and forgot the sky until after we had finished lunch in the bed of a dry stream of boulders which protects one little cove of marvellous ferns from hungry cattle. A few drops splattered on the stones and we looked up to a leaden sky which soon showed us results. We had collected plants at the summit and arranged them in papers to dry a bit by our fire but expected from noon on to get every thing we had seen the day before. We had three umbrellas and two raincoats. With my coat we protected the flowers on the guides back, I took the umbrella, a forty sen one gotten in Seoul while Mac took the coat. He was free then to pick flowers and, cold and drenched to the skin as we were, we yet garnered a fair

supply. Every step counted if we were to make the town by dark and one mistep might mean a broken bone and no amount of trouble, for we met no one until the outskirts when a villager offered us the shelter of his house. We did stop once in a rice mill, but soon chilled to the bone with inaction. We were glad to see the red yawning mouths of the ovens in the kitchen and while we changed to dry clothes in their reflected heat as well as in the open gaze of the workers, we looked forward to the feast the pastor had been so kind as to prepare,—hot soup, hot rice, hot pickle, hot orange tea—until our dry clothes were wet with the soaked up moisture we exuded. A night of a terrible wind and rain storm—we read afterward it had done great damage in Formosa—and we were ready to take the boat back to the mainland, that is if it could face the wind and arrive at the port. It did come three hours late and we were until nine o'clock getting to Mokpo. Saturday night and we had missed the last train to Seoul where we had expected to spend Sunday but with the aid of police who again wondered about us, we reached the mission compound and a royal welcome.

Of fauna we saw nothing but a few small creatures such as are common every where although boars, bears, deer and lesser animals are said to abound. We did hear what the guide said was the cry of a deer. Of flowers and trees we saw more than we can possibly record because so ignorant of what we saw. Pines, junipers, larches, oaks, willows and dozens of broad leaved evergreens abound. The latitude and ocean modification of climate make the vegetation almost tropic—nuts, oranges, very tiny ones, limes and plums in export quantities. Not much rice is grown as water is scarce and soil poor but legumes and millet serve as common food, other cereals being imported. The rainfall is as much as 45 inches but it doesn't stay long. The plants on top of the mountain are alpine, not that it is now so cold but in the days when Hallasan formed a part of a volcanic ring down

through Korea and over to Japan it must have been far colder than now. We saw a scabiosa as blue as the sky that first day. *Adenophora Tashiroei* up on the very crest of the ridge in such abundance that the guide dug it for medicine. He got the whole vine of *Codopsis lanceolata* and gave me the flowers as all he wanted was the root for medicine. Sprawling over the stone fences was the finest lot of *clematis* ever seen. We picked some but he rushed up to say it is poisonous, especially when wet. We kept a little with no harm but the botany does say it can make trouble. All told there are many medicinal plants exported from the island as well as the edible sea weeds. The *Datura Stramonium* furnishes an oil for cosmetics. The plants are so different from the mainland and so numerous that one should return in other seasons to get the full beauty of them. Spring must be gorgeous with azaleas covering the hillsides; we found fair sized shrubs in the crater rim. And the lilies and orchids, even in September we saw a few. The trip is not too hard for one who can stand the sea in its glory and the mountain not too high. In the words of the superior male on this trip in a school essay, "Any female with endurance can climb the mountain." We have not met another person who has been up although the names of Korean friends were given by the guide. At least we can say that we were the first party of a woman and white boy to try it!

The island, once considered the darkest spot in Korea, has had so much good preaching of the Gospel, first by Korean home missionaries, men, women and college boys, and then by the Southern Presbyterian Mission; now it is a Presbytery.

The story of the evangelization of Cheiju is not for me to write but it is so thrilling, the outline of it must be given, found in Dr. Clark's Digest of the Presbyterian Church of Korea. In 1901 in a Syenchun class, Dr. Graham Lee started interest in Missions and after some work, the existing Committee became a Board of twelve members and sent out

as the first missionary, one of the first seven ordained that very year, Pastor Yi Keui Poong and his wife to Quelpart. In 1909 the South Pyengan women's Missionary Society began foreign mission work by sending Yi Si Sun Kwang to Quelpart for five years and the students of the Pyengyang Boy's Academy and College sent one of their number, Kim Hyung Chai for one year, and all down the years for longer or shorter periods, workers have been sent, at first from the north and since 1913 by Chulla Presbytery. In 1918 there was a pastor and two other workers.

All this organized work was in the nature of a Thank Offering for the establishing of the Church in Korea and Thanksgiving Day was the time for the special offering. The date selected was the Wednesday following the third Sunday in November, the date of the arrival of the first missionary in Korea. Work had gone so well that a separate Presbytery was established in Cheiju in 1930, the field having been considered home mission work for years as distinctive from the real foreign work started in China in 1912. And for three years a decreasing subsidy was to be paid and then end, the Easter gifts being designated for Home Missions. Since Cheiju was a woman's island we are glad to know that the women are well organized. Miss Shepping and her assistant went there in August of 1925 and established auxiliaries and started that good work. In 1934 the delegate to the Auxiliary conference from Cheiju at the Presbyterial, reported fifteen auxiliaries with 230 members. And all this church activity meant that the Gospel was being preached in season and out of season in this once darkest spot. As we stood on that mountain top with one of the converts, there was an added thrill in the realization that the Word of God and the Songs of Zion rang out to many answering hearts all round the island and that even then, down there on the inhabited rim of the island, prayers were being offered for our safety by blood brothers in Christ.

Sen Lai Tsang, Missionary to Korea *

MRS. C. S. DEMING



OME YEARS AGO we first made Mr. Sen's acquaintance. Our little mission to the Chinese in Seoul had been opened only two Sundays and, when passing through town on his way to the steamer at Chemulpo, he came to morning service. He was a member of Dr. Mateer's church in Shantung, and had been engaged in a little bakery, but as business was bad he was returning home. Just a young lad, insignificant looking, we did not expect to see him again.

Years passed. Our hearts became heavily burdened for Chemulpo, the nearest port to Chefoo, China, with its large Chinese settlement, for nothing was being done for them. We had neither man nor funds to start this new work, but we had God who hears and answers prayer. It was not long before I saw Mr. Sen at one of our evening prayer meetings in Seoul. He had just returned from China to try his hand at the bakery business once more and he was asked to bring a word of greeting from the home church.

It was a remarkable story he told. On going to China, he had met with a certain evangelist who had been in an important position in a consulate but reading the war news in the papers, felt convinced that it was one of the signs of the Lord's speedy return. He gave up his post, and set himself to do the work of an evangelist, trusting entirely to the Lord to supply his wants and those of his large family. Mr. Sen joined him and in preparation for his work, spent hours studying God's Word and praying for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Before long the answer came and the evangelist went out to do a great work for God.

After speaking, Mr. Sen led in prayer, the most wonderful prayer I ever heard. As

he was praying, the Lord said to me, "He is the man I have sent you for Chemulpo."

After the service, I asked him, "Are you willing to go and start work for God in Chemulpo?" It was a hard task. He said, "I will pray about it, and see if it is the Lord's will." The next week he told me that the Lord had appeared to him in the night, telling him to be strong and of a good courage, that He would stand by him and strengthen him, and that he had called him to this work at Chemulpo.

I thanked God, and took courage. Then it seemed not right to send a young man like that alone into a hard place, for the Lord sent out the disciples two by two. I prayed that some Christian might be found at Chemulpo, who would be a help to him. The very next prayer meeting night, a young man appeared in foreign clothes who said that he had served his apprenticeship at Chemulpo as a tailor, and then returned home to Shanghai. His family were all Christians, and he became a Christian also, and had been baptized. Hearing that we had started a church in Seoul, he had come to join us, having returned to Chemulpo to start in business for himself. He told us that the other half of the house he occupied was vacant, and that we could probably get it for our work. We went to Chemulpo the next day, had a time of prayer in the tailor's shop, then rented the next door place for a little church.

It was wonderful to see how the children flocked around Mr. Sen. He taught them to pray sentence by sentence, and got them to pray at home morning and evening and at their meals, out loud so as to influence their parents. The children spent so much time at the mission that the school teachers complained that they were neglecting their lessons. Mr. Sen told them to come to the church after

school and he would help them prepare their home work, after which they had their daily Christian Endeavor service. He taught them to pray over their lessons, so that one boy who was bad in arithmetic, got 100 in his examination.

When the influenza epidemic was about, Mr. Sen was taken sick. His friend the tailor was away at the time and there was no coal. The weather was bitter and he was too ill to move. The children came and found the doors locked. Mr. Sen called to them that there was no coal, so they would not have their regular meeting. When they came the next day, and heard the same thing they knew that something was wrong, and asked him why he was not up. When he told them that he was too sick and could not move, one of the boys climbed to a second-story window and managed to get in. Some of them went to their homes and brought wood and coal while others brought food. Others carried water, as he had nothing to drink. Some mothers came around also and cared for him.

Mr. Sen spent his mornings visiting in the homes and places of business, preaching Christ everywhere. There was no place in Chemulpo where the name of Mr. Sen was not known and loved. The girls and boys would go out with him, preaching after school hours or on Sunday afternoons. They became splendid little workers and then the parents began to get interested. One whole family was won through him and many others.

Mr. Sen had great power in prayer, and a simple childlike faith in the power of God. There was a young man in town who had terrible pain in his ear for a fortnight and could neither eat nor sleep for the pain. He went to the hospital but could get no relief. A church member, a young blacksmith, said, "I will take you to Mr. Sen and he will pray for and you will be healed." He went to the evening service with the man, but found that the tailor was about to conduct the service. He had come in and found Mr. Sen overcome by the fumes of the charcoal stove

he was using to cook his food. He was lying unconscious on the floor. The tailor put him in bed, with plenty of fresh air in the room, but Mr. Sen was too sick and weak to move when it came time for meeting. The blacksmith came and said, "I have brought you a man who is sick; we want you to pray for him to be healed." Mr. Sen replied, "I am too sick to get up." Then it occurred to him how foolish he was not to trust God for his own healing also. He asked God to heal him, so that he might go upstairs and pray for the sick man. Immediately the sickness left him and he went up and knelt beside the sick young man in prayer. When the young man went home, the pain had gone. He had a good night's sleep and in the morning a great abscess burst in his ear and he had no further trouble with it.

Mr. Sen used to get up at five in the morning to study the Bible. While we were on furlough he studied for a time in the Korean classes at the Pierson Memorial Bible School. A letter from Mother who visited him, reported that he had started a Bible class with his classmates, a personal work prayer group, and an evangelistic band. A man who was won by him was a young carpenter named, Wang Kong En, who suddenly came under conviction of sin as Mr. Sen was praying, and gave himself to God.

Later Mr. Sen went to Nanking, and after graduating at the Theological Seminary, returned to be the Chinese evangelist for the whole of Korea. He opened the work in Pyengyang, and in Fusan also.

Thirteen years have passed since the above story was written. Sen Lai Tsang has proved himself indeed called of God. Dr. Chee, a Chinese herb doctor, was the only Chinese Christian in Korea to our knowledge, when marriage brought a China missionary to Korea. His prayers that someone might come and start work among his people in Korea were answered by our coming, and I believe were the cause of it.

Through the years, Elder Chee, and Mr. Sen

are the two men who have felt the burden and responsibility for the whole Chinese work. Every week the officers of the church would meet with them. Down on our knees, we would each one pray in turn over the matters coming up for decision, so in an unusual way felt we had the mind of the Spirit because of our unity. Shoulder to shoulder we have carried the burdens and responsibilities in a fellowship that has been most precious. We have sorrowed together, and rejoiced together. In time it was felt that Mr. Sen should be ordained, and at the request of the Union Chinese Churches in Korea, now grown to five in number, the Synod of the Union Chinese Christian Church of China ordained him in Moukden. Having started the work in Chemulpo, he became its pastor, but was later called to the pastorate of the Seoul Chinese Church, where he is now carrying full responsibility together with Elder Wang.

In the fall of 1929 we were transferred to North Manchuria, the mission field of the Korean Methodist Church. It was hard to leave the fellowship of the churches in Korea, but Miss Quinn who retired from work in China had been asked to help with the work up the east coast, and was asked to reside in

Seoul, and help all the Chinese churches. Pastor Sen worked with her loyally for five years, during much of which time her work had to be done from her bed.

The young Chinese carpenter has developed into Manager Wang of the Gospel Building Company, started to help support the church. Ten per cent of all profits go to the church. He is now Elder Wang. Recently in building the Music Building of Ewha College, he found he had overestimated the cost of the building. An improved price of building material had reduced the cost. Without being asked, he returned several thousand dollars, which were more the legitimate profits.

Miss Quinn died on August 31, 1934. That day ill health necessitated my starting for America. Standing on the platform at the station among Chinese, Korean, and foreign friends, Pastor Sen and Elder Wang stood as the two pillars of the Chinese Church, clergy and laity. The two mothers of the church had been removed by God. The churches could walk alone, under the direct guidance of the Spirit. Thank God for both these men. Dr. Chee retired to Peiping. Pray for them as they carry on, and send them help for entering new areas when God so guides.

* Re-printed from the Missionary Review of the World, December, 1936.

Does It Pay?

T. S. SOLTAU



MY GOOD FRIEND, Deacon Chong Man Lee, has just been in to call on me. He is a young man of about 30 years of age and came to ask me to recommend to him a boy of good dependable character and a Christian whom he can take into his drug business with him, teaching him the business and later setting him up independently.

I first knew Chong Man some 12 years ago when he attended one of my small country churches in the southern end of the province. His grandmother had been a Christian of

some years standing and I had the pleasure of receiving him, his father and mother and later his young wife, into the church as catechumens and then baptising them all. The family was very poor and farmed a few fields which they rented. Chong Man often suffered from severe boils and abscesses and was sometimes confined to his room with them for months at a time. On one occasion when he came to Chungju to attend the annual Men's Bible Conference at which representatives from all the churches in the presbytery gather, he went to our Mission hospital to

have one of his boils treated. The Korean physician in charge examined it and told him that it would be very painful but that it was necessary to have it lanced. On opening it up he was much surprised at the young man's fortitude and asked him if it had not hurt him very much, but to his amazement was told by the patient that he had not felt it! After a little further examination he advised the young man to go over to the Government hospital for further treatment and consultation which he did and was there told, what our doctor had already suspected, that he was a leper.

In view of the circumstances of the case the local church took up an offering of ₩ 50 on his behalf and one of the lady missionaries gave a similar amount which provided for one year's treatment at the Biederwolf Leprosarium in southern Korea. He remained there for several years during which time he made himself very useful in the colony and learned to assist in the administering of the treatment to others. At the end of that time he was discharged, the disease having been arrested, and came to Chungju. In the mean time his family had all been scattered on account of the difficulty in making a living. His wife had returned to her non-Christian home and his parents had gone elsewhere, while his grandmother had moved to a village near Chungju where she was eking out her living by peddling drugs and medicines from house to house. Chong Man several times came to me for advice as to what he should do for a livelihood but I had to confess my inability to make any very useful suggestions except that we regularly made the question a matter for special prayer. He was offered two positions through the influence of his friends, but refused both because they involved working on Sunday, a thing which he felt he could not conscientiously agree to do. Little by little he began to travel through the country villages selling medicines from house to house, as his grandmother had been doing, and on Sundays returned always to lead the services in the little church. A few years passed and he

secured a regular agency for selling drugs prepared by a large firm in Pyengyang and visited a circuit of market towns on their regular market days. Often he would drop in to see me at 10.30 on Saturday nights as he passed our house on his way home, having ridden some 30 miles on his bicycle after dark with a heavy bundle of medicines, in order to get home to lead the Sunday services on the following day. Almost invariable he reminded me of his gratitude to God for restoring him from the dread disease of leprosy and of allowing him to become even strong and more healthy than he had ever been before.

Later on he became district manager for the Pyengyang company and is now in charge of all their business in the North and South Choongchung Provinces. He has moved into Chungju and has bought and paid for a fine house and shop in a good part of the town; he has his wife and parents and grandmother all living with him and to crown his happiness, last year a baby son was born to him. He is supporting his younger brother in the Mission Academy in Pyengyang and has now over 200 shops and merchants who regularly buy all their drug supplies through him. He has already picked out a number of Christian young men in the various country churches and has started them out as agents and travelling drug sellers and thereby given them an opportunity to improve their form of livelihood greatly.

Does it pay? Ten years ago poverty stricken and more—a leper, an outcast. Today—a prosperous business man who is not only self-respecting but respected by others too; a church officer and an example to all in the way in which he conducts his business on strictly Christian lines, closing his shop on Sundays regardless of what others may do. In addition he has started out (to the writer's own knowledge) some 10 or 15 young men in the same business and thus opened up for them an honest and promising means of livelihood as well.

The God of all Comfort

FREDERICK S. MILLER

IT WAS BEFORE Chung Ju Station was opened and this territory, five to eight days south of Seoul, was visited by pony back, foot or bicycle. There were no railways, no roads, no vehicles, only narrow bridle trails over the mountains, full of stones, holes and ditches.

As the missionary was holding a class for Bible study in a church fifty miles south of Seoul, four men came from a village near Chung Ju, fifty miles further south, to study in the class and to invite him to visit their village and start a church.

After attending to the needs of the groups of that region, the missionary mounted his faithful wheel and started over the hills to answer their request. As he peddled and pushed his steed over the trails, he recalled a visit he had made the year before to a little village over the range back of Chung Ju where a Christian pen peddler from Pyeng Yang had gathered a group of enquirers. There had been hope of starting a church there but the peddler had moved and the few enquirers had lost all interest, and had scattered.

The traveler wondered, "Will this hard journey prove as fruitless as the last?" and found no joy or inspiration in the thought. Then, as if spoken by lips that were nearer than self, came the promise to Joshua, still fresh and true. "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, to thee have I given it." With new courage and zeal, the missionary journeyed on to Sindai.

A year later, this missionary worker passed through one of the saddest experiences that a man meets in his life pilgrimage and had left his three motherless children with kind, helpful friends that he might visit the groups of country Christians assigned to his care. He had traveled over a hundred miles from church to church and hoped that

the change and busy life would bring relief. It was autumn when falling leaves and solemn sighing of the forest only added to his sadness. With bent head, and eyes on the parched, dry earth, covered with dead leaves and grass, he walked alone on his journey. He felt weighed down by his sorrows and utterly unfitted to carry hope and cheer to the little flock at Sindai, just ahead of him.

Suddenly a meadow lark flew up from the side of the trail and fluttered its way toward the sky, pouring down an avalanche of music as it ascended. The traveler's eyes left the earth, brown and sear, and followed the little messenger of God into the blue sky, up till the lark was lost to vision and only the azure heavens were left to fill his mind with their broad, unclouded peace. The lonely wayfarer's mind was filled with a store of hope and comfort to divide with the flock toward which he was traveling.

Like strawberry plants, four or five groups soon grew out from Sindai and the Mission was divinely led to open a station at Chung Ju on the very ridge the itinerator had peddled his bicycle around on that first journey without even noticing its existence. Now a hospital crowns the end of the ridge; five houses and a handsome Bible Institute building stand on other parts of the property, a beautiful site chosen from all eternity for this beneficent purpose. Seventy five churches and groups are supervised from this center. In the city two churches, two schools, a kindergarten, a dispensary and two Bible Institutes are in operation. Ten missionaries and a force of twenty six Korean workers attend to the needs of the territory. On some parts of the field the groups are only three to six miles apart; among them are four good sized city churches. Verily the promise is being fulfilled. "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, to thee have I given it." This text should be the motto of all itinerators.

Book Chat I.

ALLEN D. CLARK.



HAVE JUST finished reading a book in Korean which I hope you may find as interesting as I did. It is "*Travels in Bible Lands*", by Dr. H. A. Rhodes (paper. 50, cloth. 85). I suppose I was the more struck by it because it brought back memories of many things which I saw with him when I made the trip of which he gives an account in this book. But the book can evidently stand on its own merits, for my country cook was very enthusiastic about it, after reading it while I was out calling in the village on this last itinerating trip. It is written in a flowing, conversational style into which have been injected many of the unconscious minor details that find their way into our intimate conversations. My cook was laughing to himself, when I came home, over the report of the awful time we had in Suez getting through customs without having to fairly buy out the town taxis. And my own reaction to the solemn statement, on page 36, that the author had invested, with many others, in a little bottle of water from Jacob's Well, but that "its busted, now", was anything but serious. Touches of this sort, together with little homilies of a sentence or two at the end of many of the chapters, make the book a very readable, though at the same time, a reverent account of what we saw and heard. However, the thing that I really liked best about my reading of it was the constant reference to Bible events that had taken place along the various routes taken. It was probably for this reason that I liked the earlier chapters better than the last, as the incidents connected with each place are the more numerous and richer in their connotations for us. It is really an historical geography of the Holy Land, told in a style similar to Ellis' "*Bible Lands Today*". It is difficult to cut loose from its context anything

that might but lose by so doing, but I give you this: (p. 37) "Standing by Jacob's Well, I thought of Jesus as He said that the time would come when men would worship the Father "neither in Jerusalem nor in this mountain", but in any place where men gathered for worship "in spirit and in truth". And here was I, neither from Jerusalem nor from this mountain, but from distant America by way of no-less-distant Korea, a living proof of the truth of His words. Then I thought with shame that Jesus had come here, tired and thirsty, yet ready to make use of the opportunity for personal work by the well-side, and realized that I had come in speed and comfort by the same way, passing many who know nothing of the Gospel, and had said nothing to them. Many who live here are not Christians and, though they use the well daily, have no vital knowledge of the great event that once took place here..... We personal workers must take our example from Jesus and become more industrious in giving the Water of Life to those who are thirsting for it". Does that leave you thoughtful, as it did me?

For a long time, I have sold, with some misgivings as to the practical values involved, copies of that long, wall-paper-like scroll called "Chart Outline of the Life of Christ" (.20 sen). Except that it takes up rather too much space and tries to accomplish too much, it seems to "take", and I have always liked it. Now I have found a book at a cheaper price (.15). It is Miss Louise McCully's "*Life of Christ Delineated*". The book itself is taken up with an outline which is, to all intents and purposes, a Harmony of the Life of Christ. Then, in the back, is a chart a yard long, in red and black ink, which is the "Chart Outline" in concise and usable form, disentangling the various journeys of Jesus around Palestine.

What's Interesting the Korean Church?

Extracts from Korean Church Newspapers and Magazines

Translated by Y. H. KIM

The critical situation of three Northern Presbyterian schools in Pyongyang, took a favorable turn through the generous gifts of two men. Mr. Han Inbo promised to give 700,000 yen for the new management of the Union Christian College and Sungeu-Girls' School. At the same time an elder of the Church in that city, named Lee Chunsu, pledged himself to finance and to take over the management of Sungsil Middle School. On March 4th, the committees of the donors and the Mission, drew up an agreement and that plan was sent on the very day to the headquarters of the North Presbyterian Mission for final approval. It is maintained by missionaries that new students should not be registered till definite approval of the contemplated plan arrives from the Board of Foreign Missions in New York. The final decision will not be made for some time. According to the agreed plan the plant of Sungeui Girls' School will be transferred to the new management, but the Union Christian College and Sungsil Middle School will occupy a new site. While the new schools are being constructed, the present buildings will be used for one or two years.

An important missionary meeting for educational institutions of the Southern Presbyterian Church, was held on February 24. Dr. Fulton who presided came to Korea in order to assist in settling certain problems. The following decisions were made. 1. All schools under the control of the Mission shall be discontinued hereafter. 2. No new students shall be admitted at the beginning of the spring term. 3. The present students shall continue their work in said schools.

When the foregoing decision was announced, parents of the pupils in those schools involved, presented their earnest petition to the schools and to the Missions that some way be found to continue the schools. Students of Spear Girls' School, Kwangju, held prayer meetings and fasted. Yungheung School and Chung-mung Schools at Mokpo, showed the same spirit. Parents of students and friends of the schools have appointed a committee in order to finance the management of Spear and Sungil Schools. The approximate sum of 400,000 yen is needed, and since there is great enthusiasm manifested, there is still hope for these schools.

Dr. James S. Gale, the greatest Korean missionary scholar, passed away at Bath, England, on January 31. The news of his death brought out many comments which expressed a profound sense of loss and

regret. He arrived in Korea in 1888, and worked for the evangelistic and educational progress of Koreans till 1927. In his long devoted career, he founded many churches; he organized with his Korean friends, the Seoul Y. M. C. A.; he founded Kyungshin and Chungshin academies. In addition, he published a history; an English-Korean dictionary, which is a monumental work; and a translation of the Bible. He was proud of Korean culture, and he was anxious to introduce it to Western people. He translated into English many Korean classics such as "The Cloud Dream of the Nine". Many unpublished manuscripts have also been found recently. A special service in Dr. Gale's memory was held on February 18. A large crowd of his former friends met together and showed a deep sense of sorrow. "When we read the Korean Bible", comments a newspaper, "we think of Dr. Gale. When we read Korean vernacular newspapers and magazines, and see how Korean grammatical forms are developing, we are grateful to the contribution of this great Christian scholar. Dr. Gale was the real pioneer in opening the eyes of Koreans in order that they might see the value of the Korean alphabet even at the time when Koreans still despised the vernacular."

February 25, happening to be the 15th of the first month by the lunar calendar, the W. T. C. U. had special activities for the temperance movement. Throughout the country, 130 branches of the Union spent the day distributing handbills, holding lectures and conducting processions in some places. Handbills for the day were contributed by the W. T. C. U. headquarters at the Seoul Social Center.

There are approximately 6,393 Korean students enrolled in middle schools and colleges in Japan; 444 different schools in all. If you classify them according to subject, one may see the general trend of the Korean mind: law, 1,248; economics, 303; and literature, 100. Five hundred and twenty-nine college and university graduates, an increase of 121 as compared with the previous year, will come back to Korea.

A plan is on foot for rebuilding the West Gate Presbyterian Church, which the late Dr. H. G. Underwood organized fifty years ago next September. At that time a celebration will be held, and on the same day, the construction of the new church will be started. The building will cost around 30,000 yen. The committee is busy in collecting contributions from those who have been and are connected with the Church.

In Fields Far Apart

Nan Bruen (Mrs. F. S. Klerekoper) and Susan Blair (Mrs. Victor W. Macy) were reared in the same city, Taiku, Korea, where they played tennis together. When Susan gets to her station in Mozambique, East Africa, she will be on the opposite side of the earth from Nan in Alaska, 10,000 mi. from each other and each 10,000 mi. from their childhood home in Korea. They will be north and south, frigid and tropical, white and black, among the sons of Japhet and the sons of Ham but both preaching the Gospel of Good News which comes through the sons of Shem.

Other children of Korea missionaries are scattered far and wide preaching the same Gospel as follows: Dorothy Hunt (Mrs. W. J. Anderson, Lubondai, Belgian Congo, Africa, Southern Presbyterian Board; Margaret Kearns (Mrs. H. A. Mueller), Azarbaijan, Songbulak, Iran, Reformed Church Board; Katherine Kearns (Mrs. Francis E. White) Kribi, Cameroun, W. Africa, Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.; Anna C. McCune (Mrs. Robert W. Kingdon), Kahului, Maui, T. H., American Board (Congregational); Laura Phillips (Mrs. Paul R. Abbott, Jr.) Nanking, China, Presbyterian U. S. A.; Anna ("Sis") Newland (Mrs. Carl Capen, Swatow, China, Northern Baptist Board; while Helen Rhodes, the fiancée of Francis ("Laddie") Scott, has just been appointed to China, Northern Presbyterian Board.

This makes a total of nine added to the twenty seven in Korea, children of Korea missionaries who are in active missionary service in mission lands.

The cheapest and easiest way to visit the island of Quelpart to the south of Korea is to read Mrs. Smith's illuminating article. It combines history, topography, travel, flora, fauna and religion in a most interesting way. She and her husband, R. K. Smith, M. D., have, been in Korea since 1911, and are members of the Northern Presbyterian Mission, now resident in Pyengyang. Both are expert botanists.

It happens that three contributors in this number are members of the Same Station of Chungju, Northern Presbyterian Mission, viz., Messers Miller, recently retired, was the founder of the Station; Mr. Soltan is Chairman of the Executive of the Mission; and Mr. Clark is a "junior second generation missionary" who is very much interested in the distribution and sale of Christian Literature in the vernacular. From time to time he will give us reviews of books in Korean.

Mrs. Deming was formerly a missionary in China. After her marriage to the Rev. C. S. Deming, S. T. D. of the Northern Methodist Mission, she organized the work among Chinese in Korea. She is now in America on health leave. Dr. Deming is located in Harbin, Manchukuo.

WONSAN BEACH HOUSE WONSAN, (GENZAN) KOREA

For the season of 1937, Wonsan Beach House will be under the management of Mrs. E. W. Anderson. Letters of inquiry are invited, and should be addressed in care of Severance Hospital, Seoul, Korea.

Notes and Personals

Australian Presbyterian Mission

New Arrivals

Miss Ritchie, Tongnai.

Returned from furlough

Miss M. L. Alexander, Tongyung.

Left for Australia

Dr. and Mrs. G. Engel, Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Pyengyang, (retired)

Will Correspondents please note that the Rev. F. W. Cunningham, Chinju, has become the Secretary of the Australian Mission in the place of the Rev. F. J. L. Macrae.

United Church of Canada Mission:

Left on furlough

Rev. William Scott, Hamheung. Mrs. Scott and the children went home last year.

Northern Presbyterian Mission

Birth

Dorothy Clark was born to Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Clark on February 25th, at Chungju.

Arrival

Mrs. R. O. Reiner from America.

Marriage

Miss Barbara Koons, the third daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Koons, Seoul, was married to Mr. John Ramsbottom Griffith on December 21, 1936, at Wakefield, R. I. Mr. and Mrs. Griffith are living at 500 E. Evergreen Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. Griffith is to continue her musical studies in the Ornstein Music School.

Visitors

Rev. Chas. T. Leber, D. D., and Rev. J. L. Dodds, D. D., Secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, New York.

Dr. Leber has been the pastor of a church in Scranton, Pa., for 15 years before taking up the work of the Secretaryship of the Northern Presbyterian Foreign Mission's Board. Dr. Dodds has been a member of the Northern Presbyterian Punjab Mission for 20 years and has served as Secretary of the Indian National Council.

Southern Presbyterian Mission

Birth

Fairman Preston, a son, was born on March 4 to Rev. and Mrs. D. J. Cumming, Mokpo.

Northern Methodist Mission

Returned from furlough

Miss Zola Payne, Pyeng Yang.

During ten days in March, Bishop and Mrs. James Baker visited Korea.

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